

*Micks - e*

# Life



## Tr- opical Verdure

in a potted plant will not satisfy the senses when you yearn for the warm sandy beaches of

## Florida

with their background of waving palms. It is a short and delightful steamer trip by the

## CLYDE LINE

to Charleston, S. C.  
Jacksonville, Fla.  
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St. Johns River Service  
between Jacksonville, Pal-  
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## DRESS

does not advocate the sensational in the art of gowning, nor does it illustrate bizarre modes with the idea that they will be accepted. But it is the first magazine to inform its readers of the various changes in the modes and thus keep them posted on the interesting developments in the fascinating and bewildering maze of Fashion where all is change.

In the January issue of *Dress*, the above illustration is reproduced with comprehensive editorial comment. The history of the Robe Androgyne is stated with its precise standing amongst the great couturiers. Articles of this type are in continuation of the alert, up-to-date policy of *Dress* which has made it the fashion mentor of every well-gowned woman and the indispensable aid of the fastidious woman who lives even a few miles distant from the centres of Fashion.

The article on the Wardrobe for the Southern Trip is not only vitally important to the women who contemplate spending some time in the South but to the women who stay at home as well for it gives the

forecaste of the spring modes. A well illustrated article on the stunning new fabrics which the exclusive tailors and modistes are buying for the early spring frocks is the first authoritative word on this intensely interesting subject.

Particularly attractive are the departments devoted to perfumes, powders and all the alluring little femininities which appeal so keenly to the heart of the dainty woman; novel suggestions for the woman who delights in making her home beautiful; all the pretty and fetching new things which the shops are displaying; the smart frocks which the prominent New York women are wearing on the street, at receptions and at the opera; and enticing novelties in the realm of accessories which play such an important role in the costuming of the well-groomed woman. Reviews of the latest plays, an interview with Marie Cahill and a chatty story of the doings of the social world are all included in *Dress*, the magazine which is a monthly visitor to the homes of the most cultured and exclusive women in the country.



ROBE ANDROGYNE  
By the Maison Blossier

**DRESS** is the most beautiful magazine published—its colored engravings and covers are works of art. They are from the Press of Goupil & Cie, Paris, and each is worthy a frame. These engravings could not be bought at art dealers for less than \$5.00 each—and there are 36 of these a year in **DRESS**—\$5.00 is the price of **DRESS** for an entire year. You cannot afford to miss this magazine.

### SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY

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Dear Sirs: I enclose \$5.00 for which please send me **DRESS** for a year beginning with the current number.

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The special tours of the New York & Porto Rico Steamship Co. occupy three weeks, and are ideal yachting excursions on summer seas. The steamers have every convenience, with only outside staterooms. They circle the entire island and stop at many interesting and historic localities. The ship is the tourist's hotel during the entire trip, so that the labor and inconvenience of land travel is avoided.

The special tourist rate for this cruise is \$140, which includes every expense. Write for illustrated booklet.

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12 Broadway, New York, or

Raymond & Whitcomb Co., New York, and all Principal Cities



Mrs. Bird: THE IDEA OF YOU BEING JEALOUS OF SUCH A BIRD AS THAT!

### A Fable

Once Upon a Time there was a Young Man who met Two Nice Girls, who were Constantly Together. Now, he was an Astute Young Man, and he desired to say Something Pretty and Agreeable to the Ladies, but he knew that if he paid a Compliment to One of them, No Matter which, the Other would be Hurt.

So he Thought Rapidly for a moment, and then he said:

"Ah, I know Why you Two Girls are Always Together!"

"Why?" asked the Two Girls.

"Because Everybody says that A Handsome Girl Always Chooses a Homely One as a Companion, So That Her Beauty may be Enhanced by the Contrast."

After Such a Remark, either Both Girls would be Angry with him or Delighted.

And what Do you think Happened?

The Two Girls Blushed and said he was A Flatterer and went their way Together, each Happy for Herself and Sorry for the Other.—*London Answers.*

To avoid being numbered among the victims who have purchased sectional bookcases or filing cabinets which they are now unable to duplicate, because the concerns from whom they bought are now out of business, make your purchases from the Globe-Wernicke Company, Cincinnati, whose ample capital, adequate factory facilities (largest in the world), and long experience (over a quarter of a century), stand as the strongest possible guarantee for protection at all times. Catalogue on request.

## STARTLING AUTOMOBILE BARGAINS

We've over 300 new and used cars on our floors ready for your inspection. We've no interest in pushing any one make of cars. We buy and sell for spot cash only. We pay no commission to chauffeurs. Our sole mission in life is to buy good new and used cars and to sell them at the smallest possible profit.

WE'RE TO-DAY THE LARGEST DEALERS IN NEW AND USED CARS IN THE WORLD.

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1908 PACKARD ROADSTER.—Recognized as the premier car of America, therefore we need not comment upon it, except to say that this machine is as good as the day it left the factory; it has been used less than 1,500 miles, and has been refinished; it has a fine equipment, consisting of gas lamps, Presto tank, trunk rack, horn, tools, &c., A \$3,000

1908 TWO CYLINDER BUICK TOURING CAR.—A machine that has earned its own reputation by giving excellent satisfaction; extremely powerful; one of the best hill climbers on the market; in exceptionally fine condition; has had no hard \$650

1907 FORD.—One of the most popular light machines built in America; thoroughly up to date in every way, and has been overhauled and refinished; one of the most desirable machines for a gentleman to operate. Exceptionally \$1,000

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Do you know we save you money on tires, tubes and supplies for the motor? Get our 100-page list.

WE ARE SELLING THE USUAL \$32.50 STEPNY SPARE WHEELS AT \$13.50 EACH. BRAND NEW. GUARANTEED. ONLY HERE AT THIS MOST UNUSUAL PRICE.

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We sell everything pertaining to the Autolst. 1597-1599-1601 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Chicago Branch, 1332-1334 Michigan Avenue.

## WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO

do not fail to buy a copy of The Buzz-Wagon number of

## · LIFE ·

It will be on sale at every newsstand in the United States during the week of January 4. It will consist of 64 pages, most of which will deal with the subject of automobiles considered humorously, pictorially and seriously. What's more, this unusual number will be sold at the regular price—ten cents.

## TO MAKE SURE

you had better order it of your newsdealer in advance.

# LIFE



STUCK ON THE STYX

## The Typographical Mind



**T**HERE are two kinds of lives: the typographical and the plain.

They merge into each other. It is often hard to tell where one leaves off and the other begins. We talk in terms of headlines, and think in terms of the latest magazine muckraking article. Our wittiest sayings are borrowed from the funny column of our daily paper.

Journalistic courtesy requires that one paper in copying from another should always give the proper credit. Why should we be any less honest in our daily lives?

If we advance an opinion on the tariff, why should we not be compelled to add "I got this from the *Post*"? If we declare that corruption in Pennsylvania is greater than ever, and explain the reason why, we should say, in conclusion, "Everybody's."

The proper way, indeed, would be to have a bulletin board, with the names arranged in it, of all the papers we read. By touching a button, we could then immediately indicate the source of our information.

If, then, any of us happens to be particularly brilliant it could be well said of him:

"What a well edited mind!"

## Browning Translated into Popular Verse

FROM THE STATUE AND THE BUST.

GET BUSY.

"**S**TAKE your counter as boldly  
every whit,  
Venture as warily, use the same skill,  
Do your best, whether winning or  
losing it.

"If you choose to play!—is my  
principle,  
Let a man contend to the uttermost  
For his life's set prize, be it what  
it will!"

**I**F you have a task to do,  
Do it now.  
If you have a girl to woo,  
Do it now.  
If you have a fish to bob;  
If you'd give the world  
a throb;  
If you have a bank to  
rob,  
Do it now.

## More Protection

"**I** CALL it splendidly patriotic," says the first citizen, "to have a law forbidding the desecration of our national flag by using it for purposes of advertising."

"Yes," agrees the second citizen, "but let's protect it more fully, by making it a misdemeanor and a malfeasance to drag it onto the stage in order to secure applause for a weak musical comedy."

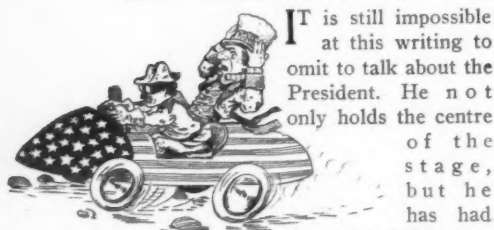




"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LII DECEMBER 31, 1908 No. 1366

Published by  
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
I. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.  
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



IT is still impossible at this writing to omit to talk about the President. He not only holds the centre of the stage, but he has had the wings blocked by successive messages so that no one else could get on. It is as though he had been relieving his mind of all sore thoughts so as to leave it clean, sweet and merry for the holidays.

His message about the Brownsville soldiers was interesting. As evidence before a court, Boyd Conyer's confession is not good for much, but the irresponsible reader who has not got to bring in a sworn verdict has probably said to himself that the confession is probably true in essentials, and that it tells for the first time what really happened at Brownsville, and who made it happen. So much doubt was thrown on the participation of the colored troops in the riot, that, for our part, we had become uncertain to what extent, if at all, they did participate, and how much the soldiers who were not guilty of shooting knew about the actions of those who were. Since the message, that uncertainty will have a hard struggle to persist any longer in an unprejudiced mind.

As to the President's second message about the Panama Canal purchase and the moral attributes and alleged offenses of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer and the *World*, we are inclined to believe that the salute was worth the powder. The *World* is a very powerful newspaper. It is rich, owes no money of importance (so far as we know) to anybody, and has no one to consult or be afraid of in matters that concern its general conduct except its

advertisers, its readers and the courts. Mr. Pulitzer is very able, and very slightly restrained by polite influences. In spite of his partial blindness we do not doubt that the *World* and every opinion and item in it, stands fairly accurately for him and his spirit. The paper is what he has made it. Its strength is his strength; its weakness, courage, cowardice, truth, lies, sensations, fatuities and brains are all his. Morally and mentally as much as legally he is responsible for the *World*. If it is different now from what it was before he had worn his eyes out making it, the difference is rather in its favor.



WHEN such a paper needs spanking, it takes a very strong hand to spank it. It is because of the dearth of strong hands apt for the work that we are reconciled to the President's performance. Who else can spank the *World*? The Hearst papers are willing enough, but their reprobations are discounted as not disinterested; a private person, however just his grievance, can do practically nothing; a law suit is as unsatisfactory as it is expensive and no one who does not carry a long purse durst attempt it. The big advertisers have their means of discipline or reprisal, but as to anybody else, a great newspaper—using a little caution if it chooses about being libellous—can say pretty much what it will and charge pretty much what it likes without fear of consequences. It can tell the truth, tell enough of the truth to mislead and suppress the rest, or lie outright. It can insinuate, prevaricate, and make a mistake in headline type in the front page, and correct it long afterwards in diamond type in a corner. Nothing in sight is so autocratic as the power of a great newspaper, or, at times, so ruthless.



WHY do we put up with it? For the same reason we put up with the autocracy of doctors—we think it is indispensable to the public health.

It is an enormous job to make a newspaper great and then run it as it ought to be run. The job ought to be divided. After the circulation, on which depends the paper's power, is acquired, the man who got it ought, probably, to be hanged, and the continuation of the work entrusted to a selected archangel, of proper habits and attainments, and sleepless. Unluckily the man who makes a paper great usually goes on and edits it. So it is with Mr. Pulitzer. He has a good many of the properties of a great editor, but there are great fissures and cavities in him that gape empty for qualities and scruples that ought to occupy them. If they had ever been filled he could not have got for the *World* the circulation that made it great, but so long as they stand empty he never can run it as a great paper ought to be run. He will do great services from time to time, because he is bold and able and his paper is free, and he will need to be walloped like sixty every now and then because of those fissures and voids in him. But always he will make a pretty interesting paper that it will be considerably necessary to read.



SO there you are, as Mr. Dooley says, and behold with what imperfect instruments Almighty Wisdom is content to run this world! You and us and Mr. Pulitzer and Colonel Laffan and D. Smith and President Foulke of the Woman Suffrage Association and Mr. Roosevelt! For the President, too, is an imperfect instrument and has a lot of faults—of exaggeration, denunciation and obstreperousness—that are curiously like the faults of a great newspaper, and due in part to the same causes: too much pressure of thoughts, too much haste for due reflection, over much spunk, and too much power. But the President is a great force for honesty, if not for verbal accuracy, and it cannot be charged against him, as we think it can, with truth, against some newspapers of great circulation, that they are constantly training up young men not to bother over much about the truth if only they print what looks like news and will attract readers.





CARRIE NATION REACHES GREAT BRITAIN.



DECEMBER



A CHRISTMAS GIFT.



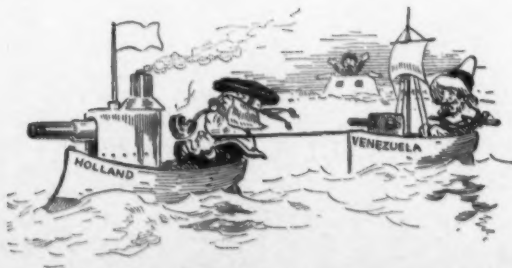
"WHAT! AGAIN?"



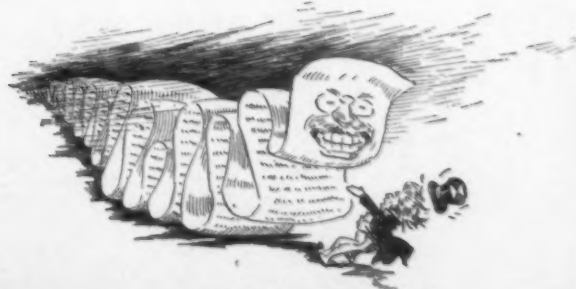
NIGHT SESSIONS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



HIS CELESTIAL MAJESTY HAS THIRTY NURSES.



A THRILLING CAPTURE.



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.



THE BRIDGE OF CY'S

### The Magnate

A MAGNATE is a man who is expert at getting hold of things and never letting go. It is he that discovered the perpetual franchise.

When conditions are prosperous and industries are running full tilt, he takes all the credit and all the prosperity, but not all the industry. When affairs might be better, he gives us to understand that, were it not for him, they might be worse. When affairs are in bad shape, he tells us whose fault it is, making it very clear that it is not his own. When they get better again, he emerges from the scrimmage on top of the pile, and explains that the resuscitation is due entirely to his infinite ability and resourcefulness.



WINTER SPORTS

### A Poet's Defense

THE cows plod slowly o'er the lea,  
The bees in busy phalanx hum,  
All Nature seems at rest, and free  
To while the hours with Chooem's Gum.

What words can spell the beauteous charm  
Of feminine mold? Appealing eyes  
Beseech us daily on the farm  
To buy the pills they advertise.

The infant's eyes so sparkling bright  
Full subtly bid us health recoup  
By scorning wrong and doing right  
And eating Some One's Watered Soup.

The soldier's serried ranks arise!  
To quell the tyrant's haughty host?  
Those martial pictures advertise  
That muscle-making Hay on Toast.

#### THE MESSAGE

With Art's and Nature's efforts bent  
Toward selling Cure-Consumption Dope,  
May not the poet pay his rent  
With verses celebrating Soap?

L. F. Heacock.

### A Shrinking Publisher

Since its publication more copies of "The Lure of the Mask" have been sold than have ever been sold of any other novel by Harold MacGrath in the same length of time. The publishers decline to give any figures, no doubt realizing that the actual numbers would inevitably be thought an exaggeration of the fact.—From an advertisement.

This is true modesty, and evidence of that admirable spirit of self restraint which we have noticed among American publishers.

### Something Wrong

IN New Bedford they have been trying the self-government plan in the public school, with the result that one little girl, who was placed as police inspector over her companions, and refused to tell on them, was expelled from the school for insubordination. Her father is suing the school. We hope he will recover the full amount of damages. When a system of education puts a premium on giving away your friends, an ordinary suit of damages seems a light method of retaliation.



"WRAPPED UP IN HIS WORK"

### Women and Women

MEN get along better with men than women do with women. At least we think they do. And the reason is that men are more used to liberty than women are and readier to concede it. Women also seem better constituted to live with men than with women, which is just as it should be. One grown woman is a fairly comfortable provision for any house—not counting servants (who have their own troubles about getting along with one another).

Frequently women who have had fifteen or twenty years' experience as the sole grown-up woman of the house, have daughters grow up on them. We would like to see statistics of the proportion of families in which that makes trouble. It is a natural trouble. The boss-woman who has been sole despot of her branch of the domestic kingdom has gradually to yield independence and a vote to another grown woman living under the same roof. The boss-woman has to learn to live with another grown-up female after being twenty years out of practice.

Hookey! That's not easily done. No wonder mothers and daughters have their conflicts.



"THE CALL OF THE WILD."

### Legality of Healing



FTER interminable sifting and refining of the pros and cons of the mental healing boom, a keen observer has finally taken the whole subject by the scruff of the neck by asking: "Is mental healing legal?"

It is clear that a man should not be cured of what ails him unless it is done strictly according to law, regardless of who made the law, even if the lawyers, for appropriate fees, of course, have to en-

gage in litigation, aye, even unto the Supreme Court itself, to discover what the law is.

The course of procedure, therefore, should be as follows: When a man is suspected of either healing himself or being healed by others in a manner contrary to law, some defender of Blackstone should immediately get out an injunction against him, and every other proper and improper effort should be made to hold him *in statu quo* until the authorities can decide whether he should get well or not, and, if so, in just what way.

If, in spite of this injunction, old Doc-

tor Nature, who practices without a diploma, shows a disposition to interject corrective measures, extra-legal, as it were, orthodox ministers should be called upon for prayers and other supernatural assistance in the interest of regularity, just as, before the reign of law, prayers for the suffering were offered both before and after the medicine man had thrown up the sponge.

If the patient should happen to die in the meantime, at least we would know that he died in a regular manner, and that precedent had not been outraged.

Ellis O. Jones.



## King Joseph Or the Tariff That Never Died



KING JOSEPH

SCENE: THE HALLS OF CONGRESS.  
TIME: MIDNIGHT.

JOE CANNON disclosed, sitting on a tin throne bound together with copper and steel wire, and ornamented with Waltham watches. Several manufacturers are lolling around, and the representatives of other infant industries are sitting at the king's feet.

*Cannon.*

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by the goodly  
Taft  
And all the clouds that threatened us  
with Bryan  
Deep in the bosom of the customs  
buried.  
Now are our brows hung with victorious  
wreaths,  
Our campaign funds hung up as monu-  
ments,  
Our panic broodings changed to merry  
meetings.  
I am determined still to prove a villain  
And tinker up the tariff all I can;  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
To raise the prices of the things we need,  
And if Bill Taft be proved as pliable

As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
Then up will go the wall of tariff rates;  
Dive, thoughts down to my soul—here  
Teddy comes.

*Enter Teddy R., on his way to Africa, loaded down with paraphernalia. In addition to three rifles, he carries a typewriter and a megaphone.*

Brother, good day. What means this hurried stride;  
Is there no time for parley?

*Teddy.*

You liar, horsethief, faker, deep pol-  
troon,  
There's no one honest but myself; ex-  
cuse me, Joe,  
I thought you were Joe Pulitzer. I see  
You are yourself. What's up? Where's  
Bill?  
And what's the row on with these  
hangers on?

*Cannon.*

We are but doing what you sought to  
shirk;  
We're going to raise the tariff rates, and  
lift  
'Em up, with specious arguments and  
wiles.  
O Teddy, this dear, dear thing did you  
neglect  
And let it drift. Our infant industries,  
Though overgrown, are sadly off for pap.  
They need new nourishment, and I'm  
the one to do it.



"WHAT'S THE ROW?"



"SHAME AND CONFUSION!"

*Teddy.*

No profit is where is no interest ta'en,  
In brief, sir, study what you most  
effect.  
That is the reason why I wasted not  
My ammunition on a tariff wall,  
I'd rather make a noise and stir a  
brawl.

*(Exit.)*

*Enter William Taft.* As he progresses to the throne he is surrounded by all the sycophantic crew who have been idling on the floor, including representatives of the steel, copper, wool, and other trusts. He takes his place beside Cannon, who pats him gently on the back. Enter now Judge Gary, of the Steel Trust.

*Gary.*

Your honors, may I speak a dulcet word?

*Cannon.*

To your imperial tongue we give full  
heed.  
We know that in the panic's dreadful  
sound,  
With Morgan's help you stood by us  
full well;  
And graciously did we permit you then  
to buy  
With Teddy's smile the T. C. C. & I.



AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

EVERY DOG SHOULD HAVE HIS DAY

*Gary.*

'Tis well, and with your kind permission  
all  
Will you consider this my earnest plea.  
Some of our workmen have but one  
bathroom,  
And others not a place to spread a cue.  
All due, my lords, to this same tariff  
wall,  
Which ought to be twice higher than it is.  
I know whereof I speak. Why, I have  
seen  
This day in Wall street magnates crying  
for their bread.  
Therefore, I say, move quick, and give  
us what  
In duty's name we are entitled to.

*Cannon.*

It shall be done! My word is law.  
If Bill Taft squeals, why, we'll impeach  
His very life. My friends, come one,  
come all,  
And speak your mind. What can I do  
for you?

The representatives of all the trusts  
now crowd around, each one reciting his  
claim. The burden of their plea in each  
case is to raise the present tariff all the  
way from ten per cent. to fifty. A hub-  
bub ensues, until suddenly a strange  
noise is heard. All faces blanch as they

recognize the sound of Scottish bag-  
pipes. Strong men grasp each other.  
Enter Andy Carnegie, dressed in kilts.

*Carnegie.*

Shame and confusion! I'll put you on  
the rout!  
Hot coals of vengeance! Now's the  
time for me.  
I've made my pile, and little do I care  
Except to bolster up my doubtful fame.  
I say you do not need to raise the price!  
I say you batten on the country's loins.  
I say you once were friends, but now I  
see  
A way, by making breaks like this,  
To stir things up, and help myself along.

*Cannon.*

In Heaven's name cease!

*Carnegie.*

What, me? Is that like me  
To cease when some new way presents  
itself  
To advertise myself? Not on your life!  
I'll cease when I have gotten all there is  
Out of this sudden Providential thing.

He skips out merrily, playing on his  
bag-pipes, while all the crew look at  
each other in dismay. Enter John  
Rockefeller, Tom Ryan, and E. H. Har-  
rigan.

*Rockefeller.*

We've been investigated. We are pure  
As driven snow. Therefore, good  
friends, just list.

Pay no attention to that little Scot,  
His blare was but a merry incident.  
Pluck up your hearts! Come one,  
come all,  
Without ado and raise that tariff wall.

*Cannon.*

The king has spoke. Let's get to work  
Good infants all. No duty must we  
shirk.

*(Curtain.)*

*Thomas L. Masson.*



"WE'VE BEEN INVESTIGATED"



WHY IS A NEIGHBOR'S PAPER ALWAYS MORE ATTRACTIVE?



Orson Lowell



## The Social Whirl

At Narragansett (how I laugh)  
I saw her stately lower half.  
And now at dinner—Heaven be blessed!  
Complacently I view—the rest!



## The Theatre

BEFORE another  
issue of LIFE  
reaches its readers

one New York institution of malodorous memory will have passed away. That is, it will have passed away unless the sidewalk ticket-speculators find some means to stop the workings of the new ordinance which puts them out of business on January first. The street speculator was a nuisance who could not have existed for any length of time in a city where the voice of the majority prevailed against a special interest with a political pull back of it. Nevertheless, the abolition of the speculator only removes a public nuisance. It doesn't by any means solve the question of how fairly to all concerned to dispose of theatre tickets that are in great public demand.

\* \* \*



## MR. CHARLES FROHMAN

has thrown up his hands in disgust at the whole situation.

At his Empire Theatre he some time ago abolished the practice of accepting orders in advance of the public sale of tickets. He had found

that the practice caused dissatisfaction with the public at large and that his first-night audiences were mostly composed of the undesirable friends of his business subordinates. The sale of seats for the present engagement of Maude Adams in Mr. Barrie's new play has made such a turmoil that Mr. Frohman sees no way out of the difficulty. Mr. Samuel Brill, of Brill Brothers, who seems to be a regular patron of the Empire, sends a communication to LIFE narrating his experience in trying to secure seats. His representative was on hand before daylight of the morning of the sale only to find that fifty or sixty messenger boys had already secured places in line ahead of him. Within a half hour of the opening of the sale speculators were already offering tickets on the sidewalk at largely advanced prices. Mr. Brill was not exactly pleased to find that the only seats he could buy were in the row next to the last.

## Uplifters of the Drama



## THE JUVENILE

"Kate saw him eight times in two weeks,  
and Estelle  
Is wearing his eyes in her locket.  
"Oh, girls, it's just Heaven to hear him,"  
says Belle,  
"Make love with one hand in his pocket!"

Under the law, as it is interpreted by the highly enlightened judges of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, the theatres are not public places, even if they are licensed by the local governments and receive special police and fire protection at the expense of every taxpayer. So managers may make any arrangements they please for the sale of their tickets. They may make them non-transferable and refuse to honor them if presented by any person except the actual purchaser. This was practically what Mr. Augustin Daly did in his successful handling of this problem.

The Adams engagement provided an excellent opportunity to try out a plan recently suggested in this column, a plan which was certainly fairer than making the sale an endurance test of messenger boys buying for speculators. On the first day of the sale, proper regulations having been made as to the number of seats to be taken by one person and as to the right of transfer, the choices of, say, one hundred seats for each performance,



## THE LONDON GAYETY GIRL

A sly little school girl she looks in the play,  
You'd swear she was new at the game,  
But my! you should hear the experienced  
"way  
She says, "Waiter, make mine the  
same."

might have been put on sale at ten dollars per seat. The next day the next hundred choices of seats remaining unsold might have been put on sale at nine dollars each, the next day at eight dollars each, and so on down to the regular price.

Persons with money, it may be objected, would have all the best seats under this plan and the poor theatregoer would have no chance at all. He has none as it is, and so far as the rich public goes money now has to be seconded by cunning or favoritism. The plan suggested would make the entire transaction one between the theatre and the public, eliminating the middle-men, the messenger boys and the speculators who are the cause of the whole trouble. The theatres would get all the money paid in advanced prices by the public and ultimately the matter would be adjusted by what the theatres were offering and what the public was willing to pay for it—perhaps not a bad solution for both parties.

It is the province of the managers to

find a fair way out of the present difficulty. They have the power and they ought to have the brains.



THE BATTLE" is the title of Mr. Cleveland Moffett's play, in which Mr. Wilton Lackaye appears in New York, after

a long absence on "the road." This absence was an enforced one, due to the fact that Mr. Lackaye did something to offend some of the rulers of the Trust, and they have been punishing him ever since, by keeping him out of New York.

The battle described is between a capitalistic father and his son's socialistic sweetheart, to determine whether the son shall be his father's fair-haired boy and enjoy the ill-gotten paternal millions, or remain true to his love, and toil with the masses. Mr. Moffett, in a curtain speech, disclaimed any intention of trying to settle social problems, although both the plot and many of the speeches catered to the present popular curiosity about the vague problem called socialism. In his own curtain speech Mr. Lackaye made the same disclaimer of trying to settle questions which we inherited from our earliest ancestors and

which have been with us ever since one of the simians discovered that he had a longer reach and a more resilient tail than others of his tribe.

In the play both sides are given considerable opportunity to set forth their statements, and the audience was permitted to go home and settle the matter each in his own mind. The final problem on which the curtain went down was the proper way to bestow the father's gift of ten million dollars on the poor of New York to benefit them without pauperizing them. All this does not completely destroy the dramatic interest of the play. It is loaded with rank improbabilities, but they are out of the beaten line, and hold the attention. The characters, too, have something of the haziness of composite photographs, especially that of *Haggleton*, the millionaire, portrayed by Mr. Lackaye. He is a sort of Ryan, Rockefeller and Harriman rolled into one, deficient in their intensity and marked with a pulpiness which does not entirely consist with the ability to do things, especially in the money-getting line. Mr. H. B. Warner, as the son, gave a manly and more distinct impersonation. Mr. E. M. Holland showed his mastery of technique in the character of an East-Side philanthropist, whose functions in real life were not made entirely definite. Elsie Ferguson played agreeably the disagreeable part of an unfortunate young person, whose downfall was in some way attributable to some folks being rich and others poor. Mr. Charles Abbe was the humorist of the social condition and was both funny and credible.

The balance of testimony in "The Battle" seems to be in favor of the theory that we ought to put the responsibility for his condition mostly on the individual, and not try to make the unequal distribution of wealth responsible for the personal weaknesses, diseases and shiftlessness of the lazy, the criminal, the vicious, and their descendants. The law of the survival of the fittest, as applied to humanity, is also given a boost. All of which, as said before, does not entirely destroy the considerable interest of "The Battle" as an evening's entertainment.

A Boston newspaper the other day published a symposium on the subject, "Has the Stage Lost Its Educational Value?" In view of the tremendously increased interest in the theatre in all parts of the country, and the amount of time, labor and capital devoted to it, there can be no question of the possible

increased value of the stage as an educator over what it was only a few years ago.

The only trouble is that, under the present control of the theatre, the stage educates down instead of up.

Metcalfe.



*Academy of Music*—"The Warrens of Virginia." Moving drama of the War of the Rebellion, with Mr. Frank Keenan and Charlotte Walker in the leading parts.

*Astor*—"The Man from Home." Up-to-date Indiana getting the better of effete Europe in humorous fashion.

*Belasco*—"The last few weeks of 'The Devil' as he is carefully portrayed by Mr. George Arliss.

*Bijou*—"Mr. Wise, Mr. Fairbanks and a good company in 'A Gentleman from Mississippi.' Highly amusing comedy of Washington life.

*Broadway*—"Mr. Joseph O'Mara, the Irish comedian, in 'Peggy Machree.' Notice later.

*Casino*—"Mr. Eddie Foy in 'Mr. Hamlet of Broadway.' Notice later.

*Circle*—"The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Coarse and vulgar musical piece.

*Criterion*—"Samson." The French matrimonial triangle with stock speculation as the hypotenuse.

*Daly's*—"The World and His Wife." The Spanish matrimonial triangle with scandal-mongering as the base.

*Empire*—"Maude Adams in Mr. Barrie's 'What Every Woman Knows.' Notice later.

*Garden*—"Mary Jane's Pa." Charming comedy with Mr. Henry E. Dixey and an unusually good company. A clean and amusing play.

*Garrick*—"Mr. William Collier in 'The Patriot.' Fun of the lightest sort, but fun.

*Hackett*—"Salvation Nell." Mr. Sheldon's absorbing drama of New York low life. Admirably acted by Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Holbrook Blinn, and a very well chosen large company.

*Herald Square*—"The Three Twins." Laughable musical farce.

*Hippodrome*—"Spectacle, ballet and circus. Each the best of its kind.

*Hudson*—"Lady Frederick." A very bright comedy by Mr. Maugham with Ethel Barrymore in the title part.

*Lyric*—"The Blue Mouse." Laughable farce adapted from the German by Mr. Clyde Fitch. Well done, but not suited to the infant class.

*Majestic*—"The Pied Piper." Pleasing, but not monumental effort in music and fun, with Mr. De Wolf Hopper as the comedian.

*Manhattan Opera House*—"Hammerstein's grand opera.

*Savoy*—"The Battle," with Mr. Wilton Lackaye. See opposite.

*Stuyvesant*—"The Fighting Hope." Drama of to-day, well presented and well acted, with Miss Blanche Bates as the star.

*Weber's*—"Annie Russell in 'The Stronger Sex.' International matrimony in fairly interesting dramatic form.

*Wallack's*—"The Boys and Betty." Musical farce with a number of refreshing novelities and Marie Cahill as the agreeable star.



FULL DIRECTIONS



### Charge of the Tariff Brigade

THE Tariff Brigade, consisting of the six hundred infant industries, was charging in the usual manner.

There was Joe Cannon to the right of them, Joe Cannon to the left of them, and Joe Cannon in front of them, volleying and thundering.

Onward they marched, in spite of Andrew Carnegie, and the fact that they were more or less stormed at with shot and shell. Boldly they rode, and considering the fact that they really hadn't a leg to stand on, that all their arguments had been riddled, and that every one who pretended to know anything about it was laughing at them, they did it mighty well.

Occasionally a horse and a hero fell, but they didn't mind a little thing like that. With money to burn, and a Republican Congress, they were fully equipped to ride right into the mouth of Hell.

It only remains, therefore, to honor the charge they made, to honor the Light Tariff Brigade, and to state that they got all they wanted. Their's was not to reason why, their's was but to do every body and play dead. They got there without the least trouble.

Here's, therefore, to the Light Tariff Brigade. Still with us, and not likely to be forgotten.

### Absolutely Suitable

ONE Sunday paper gives a cake of soap with each issue.

### A Suppressed Letter

LIFE is in receipt of the following communications, which are self-explanatory:

DEAR SIR:—

I sent the original of this to the *Sun* on the 25th of November, and have seen no reply. Yours,  
F. W. CHASE,  
Playgoer.

NEW YORK, November 25th, 1908.

Editor, New York *Sun*.

SIR:

A few days ago I noticed in the editorial columns of your paper that you had instructed your attorneys to commence an action for libel against LIFE for an article in it signed "Metcalf." I thereupon purchased a copy of LIFE and read Metcalf's article.

It seems to me and to many others that a different answer to Metcalf's article, in fact, a denial, of the implications contained in it, is due the casual readers of the *Sun*, and is particularly due those readers who like Mr. Eaton's reviews and miss them.

An instruction to bring suit means nothing unless that is followed by the bringing of the suit and a successful decision by the Court of last resort, for we all know that some attorneys will, on instructions and for pay, bring a suit for anything, against any one. Even if such suit should be brought and successfully ended, it does not necessarily of itself conclude that the implications in Mr. Metcalf's article are untrue or improper.

What many would like to know, is whether or not the advertisement referred to bore any connection



### AN ELOPEMENT

IF THE "YELLOWS" HAD THEIR WAY

at all with the resignation of Mr. Eaton or cessation of his articles. I particularly would like "to know," for I have for many years had a certain faith in the *Sun's* motives and independence which I must confess is a little shaken by the uncertain, equivocal and valueless statement in your editorial columns. Possibly that may have been succeeded by another which I did not see.

Yours truly,  
PLAYGOER.

### Man of Note

"WHO is that gentleman over yonder?" we ask of our friend. "The man in the frock coat, wearing a silk hat, and walking around as though the fate of the nation were in his hands."

"Why, that's the Honorable Jimsby," is the explanation. "He's one of the greatest men in the country."

"Jimsby? Never heard of him."

"Of course not. He's the only Republican politician who hasn't been mentioned for a place in Taft's cabinet."

### Each Kiss a Dose

"MILLICENT is truly a considerate girl," says the damsel with the extended psyche knot.

"What makes you think so?" asks the one with the shiny nose.

"Her fiance is troubled with dyspepsia, so she has had the druggist mix pepsin with her face powder."

SPEAKING of the Hughes election, we didn't suppose there were so many people in the State of New York who had never seen a horse race.



FIFTY YEARS AGO TO-DAY

### Government by Veto

A VETO, used in connection with public acts, is a euphemism for smother, squelch, kill, etc. Owing to the elaborate system of vetoes which has been evolved during a long period of standing pat, our country may well be called the "veto country."

If a Member of Congress wishes a bill passed, it may be vetoed by the Speaker.

If the Speaker wishes it passed, it may be vetoed by a committee.

If the committee wishes it passed, it may be vetoed by the House.

If the House wishes it passed, it may be vetoed by the Senate.

If the Senate wishes it passed, it may be vetoed by the President.

If the President wishes it passed, it may be vetoed by the Supreme Court.

If the Supreme Court wishes it passed, it may be ignored and thus vetoed by any executive officer into whose hands it may fall.

If a bill succeeds in getting through all these safely, it is a good bet that it is something the people do not want.

Ellis O. Jones.

### Needless

OF course Paul Revere rode to Lexington and beyond, and Mr. Walter Benjamin's doubts about it are absurd. Why go back 135 years to dig up a doubt when there is plenty of militant dubitation left over San Juan hill!



ON THE ROAD

### At the Park Corner

AT the Park corner I see her waiting,  
Bonnie and bird-like, graceful of poise;  
Iris eyes, with their tender freighting  
Of little anticipative joys.

Hither and thither her glances wander;  
("Dolt," I call him, to be so late!)  
Is that he who is coming yonder  
There at the turn by the roadway gate?

Nay, and her brows in a tiny wrinkle  
Meet, and her lips are a shade severe;  
(Ah, what a winning and winsome crinkle  
That lock has by her sea-shell ear!)

"Pit-a-pat!" how her foot is beating  
Under the skirt of her tailor suit!  
A laggard lover for such a sweetening!—  
What would she say to a substitute?

On my word, but the thought is thrilling!  
(I confess it's a pleasant thrill!)  
And I know a lad who'd be more than willing—  
More than willing to fill the bill!

Clinton Scollard.



### Nobody Likely to Remember

Scotland has a great reputation for learning in the United States, and a lady who came over from Boston expected to find the proverbial shepherd quoting Virgil and the laborer who had Burns by heart. She was disillusioned in Edinburgh. Accosting a policeman, she inquired as to the whereabouts of Carlyle's house.

"Which Carlyle?" he asked.

"Thomas Carlyle," said the lady.

"What does he do?" queried the guardian of the peace.

"He was a writer—but he's dead," she faltered.

"Well, madam," the big Scot informed her, "if the man is dead over five years there's little chance of finding out anything about him in a big city like this."—*Glasgow News*.

### Called Home

George, the four-year-old grandson of an extremely pious and devout grandfather, came rushing into the house a few days ago in a state of wild excitement.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" he called. "Mr. Barton's cow is dead! God called her home!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

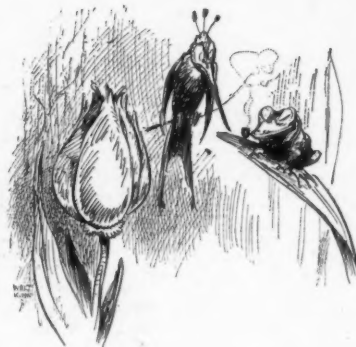
### No Great Rush

A number of weeks after an old man was appointed postmaster of a small village, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, the villagers and their friends began to complain about the

mails. An inspector investigating the matter found out that the postmaster had sent out no mail since his entrance into office, and pointing to the hundred or more dusty letters that the postmaster had kept by him, said, sternly:

"Why on earth didn't you let these go?"

"I was waiting till I got the bag full," said the old man, with a gentle smile.—*Youth's Companion*.



*The Humming Bird:* I SAY, MR. TREE-TOAD, WHEN DOES THIS PLACE OPEN UP? I WANT TO GET A DRINK

### Alliterative Absurdities

If you caught a capitious curate killing kippers for the cook  
In the cloisters with a club yclept a cleek,  
Would you say he was as wily  
As a cunning crocodily  
Catching cockles with a corkscrew in a creek?

If you beheld a battleboat bombarding Biscay Bay  
While the big guns bellowed bold from brazen throat,  
Would you say it was as funny  
As a bouncing blue-back bunny  
Blowing bubbles with a bobby in a boat?

If you saw a driveling dreamer drowning ducklings in a ditch,  
And deducting data dry as dust to see,  
Would you say that this death dealer  
Was of ducks and drakes a stealer,  
Or of Darwin's dead ideas a devotee?

*Vanity Fair.*

### Where There's a Will

A week before the Christmas holidays, a Princeton undergraduate who lived in Chicago wished to start home, thus gaining a week's vacation on the other students. He had, however, used up all the absences from recitations which are allowed, and any more without good excuse would have meant suspension. In a quandary he hit upon this solution: he telegraphed his father the following message:

"Shall I come home by the B. & O., or straight home?"

The answer he received, read: "Come straight home."

An exhibition of the telegram to the faculty was sufficient.—*Success*.

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(Founded 1715)



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BRANDIES MADE  
FROM WINE

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A LITTLE BIRD  
TOLD ME!



MR. KUHN is the artist who draws those funny pictures of all kinds of birds in all sorts of surroundings and talking all sorts of wise and funny human talk.

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## PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES

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refinement  
in the way  
of a smoke

CAMBRIDGE  
the regular size  
AMBASSADOR  
after-dinner size

In Little Brown Boxes

### The Slumbers of the Brook

The poetical young man with soulful eyes was walking with his matter-of-fact brother by the brookside.

"How the stream tosses in its slumber!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," answered his brother, "and you would, too, if your bed was full of stones."—*Youth's Companion*.

## A Club Cocktail

is always a better cocktail than any made-by-guesswork drink can ever be. CLUB COCKTAILS are mixed-to-measure, delicious, fragrant, appetizing and always ready to serve.

Martini (gin base) and  
Manhattan (whisky base)  
are the most popular.

Get a bottle  
from your dealer.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.  
HARTFORD New York London



### The Fatal Chaminade

A high-browed young lady was playing on the piano to the great edification of all the other high-brows present. After a while she announced graciously that she would play "a Chaminade," and proceeded to do so. At the close of it there was applause. Then an unsuspecting low-brow piped up:

"By the way, what is a Chaminade?"

He spoke as if not sure whether the thing was more like a chamois or a serenade.

The young lady looked at him witheringly.

"Chaminade is a composer," she said with much severity. That embarrassed the low-brow.

"Why, I was sure that Grieg had written a Chaminade—a suite of Chaminades, in fact."

"Not at all," repeated the severe young lady.

"Chaminade is a composer."

"Oh! indeed," stammered the low-brow.

"Well, what did he write?"

"He is a she," the young lady informed him.

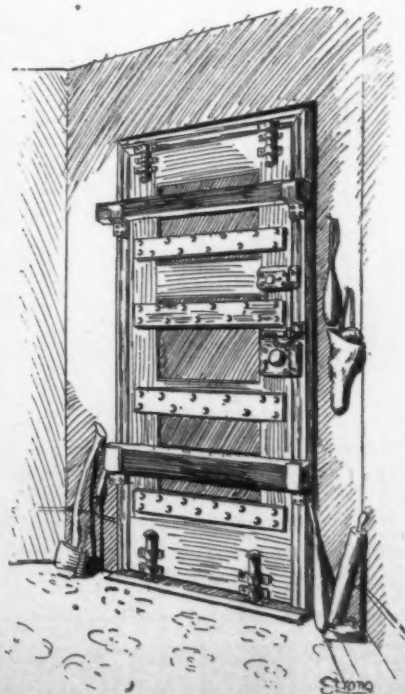
"What! Is that so? Well—er—"

At this point friends of the low-brow stepped in and restrained him from another possibly fatal plunge.—*New York Times*.

**P.B. LAGER**  
"Oh Be Jolly"

Not a Lager in name only, but a real Lager, fitly aged and ripened. Among all brands of beer P. B. Lager stands alone in the possession of every quality which is essential to perfection. The proof of the beer is in the drinking. Try it.

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**A. G. VAN NOSTRAND, BUNKER HILL BREWERIES**  
Boston, Mass.



OUR FRONT DOOR SOON AFTER A VISIT FROM  
FLAT THIEVES

A  
GRAND  
FINALE  
TO A  
CHAPTER  
OF  
COURSES



A  
GRAND  
FINALE  
TO A  
CHAPTER  
OF  
COURSES

LIQUEUR

## Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well) distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.  
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If you get Comber Irish Whisky  
you get a "treat," even if you pay  
for it. Sold Everywhere.

**THE WALDORF-ASTORIA  
IMPORTATION COMPANY**  
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### Hesitation

I love my Dolly for her form  
(The Maid of Milo couldn't change it),  
But, ah, suppose the fashions turned,  
And Dolly had to rearrange it!

Evening Sun.

### Before and After

One of the Philadelphia "organization" ward leaders who had been notoriously profane recently became converted and a church attendant. This caused great surprise among the man's friends and acquaintances in politics.

One of the leader's associates was approached several days ago by a politician who had known him for many years. "Is it really the fact that S— has joined the church?" he inquired.

"Yep, that's what he has," replied the associate.

"Well, is he really religious?" continued the inquirer, whereupon this instance was given in proof:

"Well, I met him in the city hall yesterday an' he said to me, 'Jim, I'm feelin' like hell to-day,' an' you know how he'd a-said that a year ago when he didn't have religion. Oh, he's religious all right!"—Lippincott's.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

### Knew the Miscreant's Ways

Harry Furniss tells a good story which he heard from a friend, the Colonel of a Sikh regiment in India. The officers were much annoyed by some native hanging about their camp and "sniping" them with a rifle. The Colonel sent for his orderly, a native soldier, and said he wanted a squad to go over the mountain that night and catch the miscreant who was annoying them. The orderly saluted and begged to be allowed to act alone, assuring his Colonel that he would soon catch the culprit. The officer, admiring his pluck, agreed, and the next morning the soldier walked in with the head of the sniper. The officers were loud in their praise of the soldier's valor.

"Oh, sirs, I had no difficulty," he said. "You see, I knew his ways. He was my father."—*The Strand*.

Good lubrication is essential to the life of an Automobile.  
Use PANHARD OIL. It's standard.

### Unimportant

The captain of a certain yacht had evinced an anxiety touching a mishap to the craft that at once attracted the attention of a fair passenger on board.

"What's the trouble, Captain?" asked she.  
"The fact is, ma'am," was the response, "our rudder's broken."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that," said the lady. "Being under the water nearly all the time, no one will notice that it's gone."—*Harper's Weekly*.

BEGINNER (wrathfully): Look here, I'm tired of you laughing at my game. If I hear any more impudence from you I'll crack you over the head.

CADDIE: All right; but I'll bet yer don't know what's the right club to do it with.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER**  
50 cents per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

FOR A PURE  
TONICAL STIMULANT, FOR CHEER OR COMFORT, STRENGTH AND HEALTH,  
FOR RECUPERATION AND RESTORATION



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## Charles Dana Gibson

HAS returned to America to draw more of his inimitable pictures of people. He will also paint in oil colors subjects as typically American as his well-known pen-and-ink drawings.

With renewed enthusiasm, and with new powers after three years of study among the masters in Spain, Italy, Holland, France, Germany, and England, Mr. Gibson takes up his work, which will prove even more interesting to lovers of pictures than it was before. His paintings will be faithfully reproduced in full color, and his drawings in black and white, appearing exclusively in one publication—

**Collier's**  
*The National Weekly*



## NESTOR

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With the famous original NESTOR brand.

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## THE KIRKWOOD

T. EDMUND KRUMBHOLZ  
of The Sagamore on Lake George

## How to Serve Grape Fruit

IMPORTANT TO SEE THAT IT IS ABBOTT'S BITTERS

A new and better way. Remove core, loosen fruit from the peel, add a teaspoonful of ABBOTT'S BITTERS to half a grape fruit and sugar to suit taste. Gives exquisite flavor and adds greatly to the appetizing and tonic effect of the fruit. Every lover of good things will enjoy grape fruit served in this manner.



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Only 45 hours from New York by frequent steamers of  
Quebec S. S. Co. (29 B'way, N. Y.) Outdoor life, Yachting,  
Driving, Golf, Sea Bathing. Climate delightful throughout  
the winter. The well-known

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**ROUND** The Boston  
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Remarkable Four Months' Journeys  
Tours; Magnificent Steam-  
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management. Ideal climate. Riding, Driving, Golf, Tennis.  
NO CONSUMPTIVES.

## RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON-WASHINGTON-OTTAWA

**THE SULTAN ABDUL AZIZ**  
Then up spake the great Abdul Aziz,  
"Azizuz my wont to oft play with fiz,  
So now when I'm gay  
With 'RAD-BRIDGE' I play,  
Judge me not azizuz but aziz."

## Life's Letter Box



### Divorce and the Catholic Church

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—Referring to your editorial in the December 10th issue of LIFE discussing the Catholic Church and the divorce question.

To begin with, your editor is supremely ignorant of the Scriptures, otherwise he would not have questioned the statement made by Cardinal Gibbons that Christ declared marriage indissoluble. Look up the New Testament, Chapter XIX, of St. Matthew's Gospel, from the 2d to 7th verses. It may be that your editor is not a believer in Christianity. If so, then his little ("Did He?") can be accounted for and of course overlooked.

The sarcastic remarks about Cardinal Gibbons were somewhat bitter, it would seem to me, and I think uncalled for. It is a good thing, however, for a paper of your kind to make such a break occasionally, as it enlightens many of its readers as to its true principles.

By way of a little information, it might be well to inform the author of the article that the law of the Catholic Church regarding divorce is as old as the New Testament, as old as the church, and had not for its author "a celibate Priesthood" but Christ himself. This law was upheld and observed in the church even when Catholic priests were allowed to marry. If the author of the obnoxious article in question will review his history, he will find that for centuries the clergy of the Catholic Church married.

This editorial was offensive to Catholics, but I hope it was not so intended, for I have hitherto found your paper quite fair minded.

Yours truly,  
J. S. CLARK.

BLUEFIELD, W. VA., Dec. 12, 1908.

### Husbands and Wives

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir:—I have just read your remarks about "The Household Problem," on page 561 of the November 19th number.

I would like to suggest that since women know far more about the "fun" and "diversion" of "running a household" (that being their business) than you possibly can (your business being to write articles) that if it is really *only* their amusement and diversion which you seek, that you allow them to find it where and how they please, and to "read Greek" and "dabble in physics," say, on Sunday, or some one day out of seven.

Of course, however, if you are not utterly unselfish, and if you consider Greek and physics injurious to husbands and could clearly demonstrate it, I am sure all wives would gladly give up these things and work seven days of the week.

Hoping that you will at least be unselfish enough to print this, I am

Your admiring reader,

DORE KING.

NOVEMBER 27, 1908.



## JOHN JAMESON WHISKEY

For Sale Everywhere  
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.,  
Sole Agents, New York.

**ORIENT** Select party sails January 30.  
Also Seven Tours to Europe,  
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## For the Coming Year

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ABSENT FRIENDS  
After C. D. Gibson  
Photogravure, 18x22 in.

# Life

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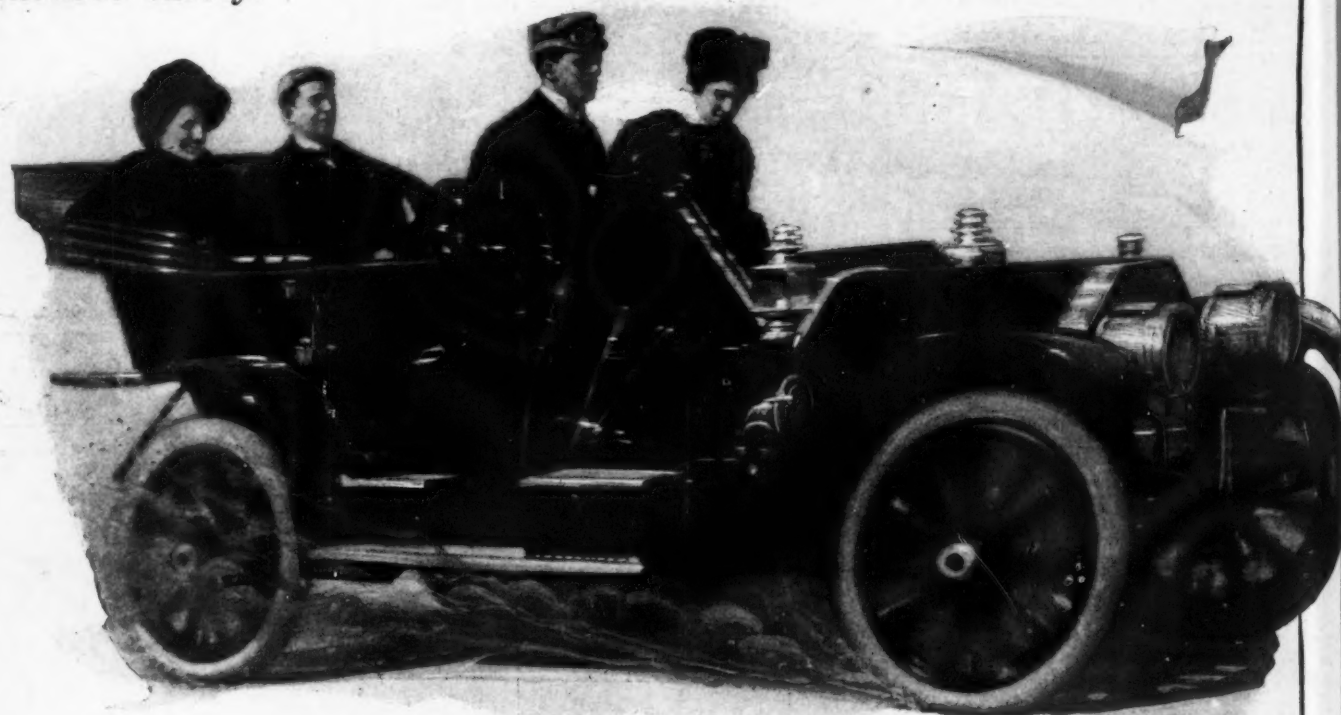
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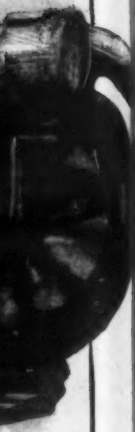
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